

AN
EPI THALAMIUM
UPON THE
MARRIAGE
OF
Capt. William Bedloe.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus Avena,
Arma virumque Cano.

*I, he, who Sung of Humble Oates before,
Now sing a Captain and a Man of WAR.*

GOddeſs of Rhime, that didſt inſpire
The Captain with Poetick fire,
Adding freſh Lawrells to that brow
Where thoſe of Victory did grow,
And ſtately ornaments may flouriſh now.
If thou art well recover'd ſince
The Excommunicated Prince :
For that Important Tragedy,
Would have kill'd any Muſe but Thee ;
Hither with ſpeed, oh ! hither move,
Pull buſkins off, and ſince to love
The ground is holy that you tread in,
Dance bare-foot at the Captains Wedding.
See where he comes, and by his ſide
His Charming fair Angelick Bride :
Such, or leſs lovely was the Dame
So much Renown'd, *Fulvia* by name,
With whom of old *Tully* did joyn,
Then when his Art did undermine,
The Horrid Popiſh Plot of *Cateline*.

Oh faireſt Nymph of all great *Brittain*
(I thought thee my Eyes I never ſet on)
Bluſh not on thy great Lord to ſmile,
The ſecond Saviour of our Iſle ;
What nobler Captain could have led,
Thee to thy long'd-for marriage bed :
For know that thy all-daring *Will* is
As ſtout a Hero as *Achilles* ;
And as great things for thee has done,
As *Palmerin* or th' Knight of th' Sun,
And is himſelf a whole Romance alone.
Let conſcious *Flanders* ſpeak, and be,
The Witneſs of his Chivalry.
Yet that's not all, his very word
Has ſlain as many as his ſword :
Though common Bulleys with their Oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his *Month-Granadoes* kill
And ſave the pains of drawing ſteel.

This

This *Hero* thy resistless charms
Have won to fly into thy arms,
For think not any mean design
Of the inglorious itch of coyne,
Could ever have his breast contrould,
Or make him be a slave to Gold;
His Love's as freely given to Thee
As to the King his Loyalty.

Then oh receive thy mighty prize
With open arms and wishing eyes,
Kisse that dear face where may be seen
His worth and parts that sculk within,
That face that justly stil'd may be
As true a Discoverer as He.

Think not he ever false will prove,
His well known truth secures his love;

Do you awhile divert his cares
From his important grand affairs:
Let him have respite now a while
From kindling the mad rabbles zeal.

*Zeal that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind
Shews plainly where its birth-place we may
finde,*

*In hell, where tho' dire flames for ever glow
Yet 'tis the place of utter darkness too.*

But to his bed be sure be true
As he to all the World and you,
He all your plots will else betray
That your *She-Machiavills* can lay.
He all designs you know has found,
Tho hatch'd in Hell, or under ground;
Did oft to us such secrets shew
As scarce the Plotters themselves knew,
Yet if by chance you hap to sin (creep in,
And love while Honour's napping shou'd
Yet be discreet and do not boast
Oth' treason by the common post.
So shalt thou still make him love on
All virtues in Discretion.

So thou with him shalt shine, and be
As great a Patriot as He;

And when, (as now in *Christmass* all
For a new pack of Cards do call,)

Another Popish Pack comes out
To please the Cits, and charm the rout;

Thou mighty *Queen* shalt a whole *Suit*
Command,

A Crown upon thy Head, and Sceptre in
thy Hand.

FINIS.